

# The Mirror

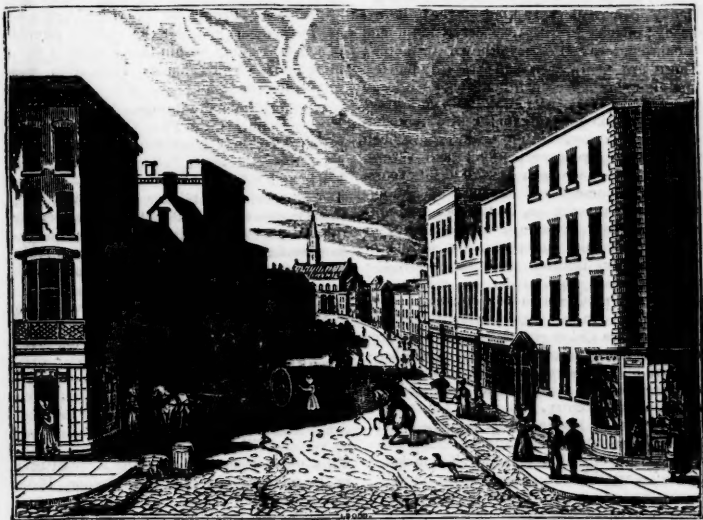
OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 915 ]

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 6, 1838.

[PRICE 2d.]



NEW STREET, BIRMINGHAM.

THE celebrated manufacturing town of Birmingham is 109 (N.W.) miles from London, on the road to Holyhead, and contains, with the environs, nearly 100,000 inhabitants. The earliest notice of this place occurs in Domesday-book, in which it is called *Bermengesham*, whence may be easily adduced *Bromwicham*, which name is supposed to be derived from the quantity of broom growing in the neighbourhood. Its history, prior to the Conquest, is involved in great obscurity; and from that period until the reign of Charles I., few incidents of moment are recorded. In the civil wars it took the side of the Parliament, and the town suffered severely. In 1791 it was the scene of disgraceful riots, when the mob burnt the house and destroyed the valuable library, philosophical apparatus, and manuscripts, of the learned Dr. Priestley.

The extraordinary increase of the town, the improvement of its manufactures, the extension of its trade, and the rapid growth of its commerce, within the last century, may be attributed to the mines of iron-ore and coal with which the district abounds; to its freedom from the restrictions of incor-

porations, which has made it the resort of genius and of talent; and to the numerous canals, by which it is connected with every part of the kingdom; and, latterly, by the important rail-roads to Manchester and to London; these momentous channels cause it to carry on, not only an immense inland trade, but export its manufactures to every quarter of the world.

Birmingham, in the reign of Henry VIII., was inhabited principally "by smiths, that used to make knives and all manner of cutting tooles, and lorimers that make bittes, and a great many nailours." Soon after the Revolution, in 1688, the manufacture of fire-arms was introduced, and continued to flourish until the close of the late war, during which, the government-contracts for muskets alone generally averaged thirty thousand per month: the manufacturing of swords and army accoutrements is still carried on to a considerable extent. It is uncertain at what time the manufacture of buttons was begun, but it has continued to flourish in every variety from a remote period, and is still a source of wealth to many, and of employment to thousands. The

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buckle-trade was established soon after the Revolution, but which became nearly extinct in 1812. The leather-trade was at one time very extensively carried on, but now there is only one tan-yard in the town. The principal branches of manufacture are of light and heavy steel goods (here called toys) gold, silver, and plated wares; trinkets, jewellery; fancy articles of every kind in the gilt toy-trade; machinery of every description, and steam-engines on every known principle: there are many iron and brass foundries, metallic hothouse manufactories on a large scale, and various rolling-mills of great power, worked by steam; casting, modelling, die-sinking, and engraving, have been brought to great perfection; and several glass-houses have been erected of late years. The most ancient and extensive of the numerous manufactories, is the Soho Manufactory, about a mile from the town, in which, under the superintending genius of the late Mr. Boulton, and Mr. Watt, the most efficient application of mechanical power was produced in the construction of machinery. In this factory were coined the penny pieces still in circulation. It was here, also, the first application of gas, as a substitute of oil and tallow, was made, under the auspices of Mr. Murdock, who lighted the shops of the factory, and in 1802 displayed the success of his researches in a splendid public illumination of the Soho, in celebration of the peace with France.—Mr. Thomason's manufactory in Church-street, for metallic vases, and other articles in gold, silver, and plated ware; also for medals, bronzes, statues, and other ornaments, is an establishment of great celebrity.—The manufacture of japan and papier maché has been much improved by Messrs. Jennens and Betteridge, and the most beautiful specimens are exhibited in their work-rooms. Mr. Phipson's pin-manufactory exhibits the progress of this article through all its stages, and occupies one thousand persons, besides affording employment to the inmates of the parish asylum and the county bridewell. The number and variety of the manufactories, while they preclude the possibility of enumeration, are such as to justify the assertion, that there is no species of manufacture carried on here which is not in a state of absolute or relative perfection. The Pantechnece, or General Repository, was erected in 1824, for the exhibition and sale of articles in the finer department of the arts, selected from the various manufactories of the town.

The market-days are Monday and Thursday: the latter being for the sale of horses and horn-cattle.

The News-room, built in 1825, is a handsome edifice, with stuccoed front, and ornamented pillars of the Ionic order. The Old Library, re-established in 1798, is a handsome stone building, with a circular portico:

there is also a New Library erected upon a smaller scale.—The Philosophical Society have a commodious theatre for the delivery of lectures; and they have also a very valuable museum, a library and a reading-room.—The Society of Arts was instituted in 1821; the building is a chaste and elegant specimen of the Corinthian order.—The Institution for Promoting the Fine Arts was established, in 1828, for the encouragement of artists residing within thirty miles of Birmingham.—A Mechanics Institution was established in 1825.

Among the many important buildings in Birmingham, is the Free Grammar-school, which has lately been rebuilt.\*—There is, also, the Blue-coat School, established in 1724, and many other public seminaries.—The General Hospital was opened in 1779; the Dispensary in 1794; the Infirmary for the Disease of the Eyes, in 1823; the Infirmary for the Cure of Bodily Deformity, in 1817; and an Asylum for Deaf and Dumb in 1815.

Birmingham has also to boast of many handsome streets; one of the most prominent is the New Street, of which we have given the View.

### Biography.

MR. DONALD MACKAY.

THIS old veteran served in the Reay Militia in the memorable year of the rebellion, 1745, and was one of those engaged in the capture of the money which had been forwarded from the Continent for the use of the unfortunate Prince Charles Stuart. He was the intimate friend of the celebrated Rob Doun, the bard of Lord Reay's country, some of whose favourite songs he was in the habit of chanting within a few days of his death. He was a man of exceedingly sober habits. During the last part of his life he was employed in selling cattle and horses, and visited the Beaulieu Market for this purpose so late as the year 1832. Mr. Mackay died September, 1838, at Brawlbin in the county of Caithness, Scotland, at the age of 108.

MRS. LETITIA COX.

This lady was a grown up woman at the time of the destruction of Port Royal by an earthquake, and must therefore have been upwards of 160 years of age. She declared she never drank any thing but water during her life. She died, June 26, 1838, at Bybrook, Jamaica.

ON OLD BLACK WOMAN.

On Holland estate, Jamaica, died April, 1837, aged 140 years: she also declared she never drank any thing but water.

\* *View Mirror*, vol. xviii. p. 81, for a View and History of this School.

## SPONTANEOUS HUMAN COMBUSTION.—No. IV.

We concluded our last paper with three cases which occurred in Ireland, and which are less frequently known than those which are usually reported on this subject; the following, which is also an Irish case, and still less known than the preceding, rests on the unexceptionable testimony of the Rev. Mr. Ferguson, of Dublin; who, in his professional capacity, had frequent opportunities of visiting the family. The name of the sufferer (a woman about sixty years of age) is suppressed. She lived with her brother in the county of Down, and retired one evening to bed with her daughter; both being, as was their constant habit, in a state of intoxication. A little before day-light the next morning, some members of the family were awakened by an extremely offensive smoke which pervaded their apartment, and on going into the chamber where the woman before referred to and her daughter slept, they found the smoke to proceed from the body of the former, which appeared to be burning with an internal fire. It was as black as coal, and the smoke issued from every part of it. Although there was no flame, it was found a difficult matter to arrest the combustion; and, when it was effected, life was found to be extinct. While the body was being removed into the coffin (which was done as soon as possible) it was dropping in pieces. Her daughter, who slept in the same bed, sustained no injury; nor did the combustion extend to the bed or bed-clothes, which exhibited no other traces of fire than the stains produced by the smoke. According to the testimony of one of the relations, who is represented as a woman of the strictest veracity, there was no fire whatever in the room. The subject of this case had been grossly intemperate for several days before her decease; having drunk, in that period, much more ardent spirit than usual. The reverend gentleman, who reported the case to Dr. Apjohn, examined the room in which the wretched woman had been burned, and satisfied himself that the fire had not extended to the bed, bed-clothes, or furniture.

Leaving Ireland, let us return to the Continent. The first case we shall notice is one which bears a great analogy to those we have already detailed, but in it the disease was much slower, and more partial in its operation. The body seems to have been brought into a state ripe for combustion, but to have stopped short of an actual conflagration. The occurrence is of recent date, and occurred at Paris. A man who had been for fourteen days affected with headache and choleric pains, was admitted into the hospital called *Hôtel Dieu*. He then complained of nothing but weakness in the lower limbs,

the left of which was found to be swollen, and his breathing quick and difficult. During a fit of delirium, which lasted only a few minutes, he spoke of having been bit by a dog in the leg, but no mark of any such injury could be found on examination. He died in the night of the day on which he had been admitted into the hospital; and when the body was examined eight hours afterwards, blood was found to have exuded from the skin, and some was found in a clotted state in the nostrils; the skin, over all the surface of the body, was of a violet-colour, and puffed up with air, and was studded with vesicles containing a reddish fluid and gas. The left lower extremity was most swollen and puffy; and when an incision was made into it, a gas escaped which was set on fire by the flame of a candle. Through a perforation which was made into the abdomen, a gas issued, which was ignited in a similar manner, and burned with a bluish flame. The air, which we have already mentioned as being diffused under the skin throughout the whole body, was also found to be inflammable.

Another analogous case, which occurred in Italy in 1822, presents us with a link still more remote; the disease having proceeded no further than the production of intense heat, and the case ending in recovery. A farmer, about twenty-six years of age, was seized (about the beginning of January) with an intermittent fever, connected with irritation of the stomach. On the seventh day he felt in the throat a burning heat, ascending from the region of the stomach, and appearing to him as intense as if caused by red-hot coals. His breath, which smoked, could not be borne by the hand at the distance of two feet. He drank cold water incessantly; but with only temporary relief. The thirst was succeeded by a most voracious appetite, the internal heat continuing unabated. He appears to have been very judiciously treated, by repeated immersions in the cold-bath, conjoined with the exhibition of draughts of iced water; and was perfectly cured.

Let us now return to more decided cases. The earliest instance on record, of spontaneous human combustion, appears to be that recorded in the *Transactions of the Copenhagen Society*; it occurred, in 1692, to a woman of the lower class. For three years she had used spirituous liquors to such excess, that she took no other nourishment; and having sat down one evening in a straw chair to sleep, she was consumed in the night-time; so that, next morning, no part of her was found but the skull, and the extreme joints of the fingers. All the rest of her body was reduced to ashes.

About half a century later, another old lady, equally attached to the spirit-bottle, became the subject of a similar catastrophe.

It occurred, in 1749, to Madame de Bois-son, who was eighty years of age, and had drunk nothing but spirits for several years. She was sitting in her elbow-chair before the fire while her waiting-maid went out of the room for a few moments. The latter, on her return, saw her mistress on fire, and immediately gave the alarm. Some persons having come to her assistance, one of them endeavoured to extinguish the flames with his hand; but they adhered to it as if it had been dipped in brandy or oil on fire. Water was brought and thrown on her, but it appeared to increase the violence of the fire which was not extinguished till all the flesh was consumed. Her skeleton, of a very black colour, remained entire in the chair, which was only a little scorched; only the bones of one leg, and of the two hands, detaching themselves from the rest. It is not known whether her clothes had caught fire by approaching the grate, but she was in the same place in which she sat every day: the fire was not unusually large, and she had not fallen forwards.

The new world is not a stranger to this fearful phenomenon. The following well-authenticated instance occurred in the state of Massachusetts:—On the 18th of March, 1802, the body of an elderly woman disappeared in the space of about an hour and a half. Part of the family had retired to bed, and the rest were from home, while the old woman remained awake to take care of the house. Soon afterwards one of the grandchildren came home, and discovered the floor near the hearth to be on fire. An alarm being given, a light was brought, and means were taken to extinguish the fire. While these measures were in progress, some singular appearances were observed on the hearth, and on the contiguous floor. There was a kind of greasy soot, together with ashes, and the remains of a human body, and there was an unusual smell in the room. All the clothes were found to have been consumed. The fire in the grate is stated to have been small.

Retracing our way across the Atlantic, let us notice a case which occurred at home. Grace Pell, about sixty years of age, the wife of a fishmonger at Ipswich, had contracted a habit (which she continued for several years) of coming down from her bedroom every night to smoke a pipe. On the 9th of April, 1744, she got up from her bed as usual; her daughter, who slept with her, did not perceive that she was absent till she awoke the next morning; soon after which she put on her clothes and went down into the kitchen. She there found her mother stretched out on her right side, with the head near the grate. The body was extended on the hearth, but the legs were on the deal floor. The remains had the appearance of a log of wood consumed by a

fire without apparent flame. On beholding the spectacle, the girl ran in great haste and poured over her mother's body some water to extinguish the flames. The smoke and foetid odour which exhaled from the body almost suffocated some of the neighbours who hastened to the assistance of the girl. The trunk of the body was, as it were, incinerated, and resembled a heap of coals covered with white ashes. The head and all the limbs had participated in the burning. This woman, it is said, had drunk a large quantity of spirituous liquor, in consequence of being overjoyed at the return of one of her daughters from Gibraltar. There was no fire in the grate, and the candle had burned entirely out in the socket of the candlestick, which was quite near her. There were found, near the consumed body, the clothes of a child and a paper-screen, which had sustained no injury from the fire. Her dress consisted of a cotton-gown.

The following case is very interesting, on account of the judicial proceedings to which it gave rise, and the injustice (nearly carried to the loss of life) to which it exposed an innocent man. It is that of the wife of the Sieur Millet, of Rheims. She got intoxicated every day, and the domestic economy of the house was managed by a handsome young female. We shall afterwards see the mischief of which this pretty housekeeper was the innocent cause. On the 20th of February, 1725, this woman was found consumed, at the distance of a foot and a half from the hearth in her kitchen. A part of the head only, with a portion of the lower limbs, and part of the spine, had escaped combustion. A foot and a half of the flooring, under the body, had been consumed; but a kneading-trough and a tub, which were very near the body, sustained no injury. M. Chretien, a surgeon, examined the remains, with every legal formality. Jean Millet, the husband, being interrogated by the judges, declared that, about eight o'clock in the evening of the 19th of February, he had retired to rest with his wife, who, not being able to sleep, had gone into the kitchen, where he thought she was warming herself. Having fallen asleep, he was awakened (about two o'clock in the morning) by an infectious odour; and, running into the kitchen, he found the remains of his wife in the state described in the report of the physicians and surgeons. The judges formed an opinion, that he had conspired with his servant, (for whom he was suspected to entertain a *penchant*), to destroy his wife, and he was condemned to death. On an appeal to a higher court, however, this decree was reversed, and it was pronounced to be a case of Human Combustion; but his health and fortune were irreparably destroyed, and he died in an hospital.

## OUR NATIONAL LITERATURE.

(For the Mirror.)

THE literary history of Great Britain may be portioned into three great eras, or cycles;—the Elizabethan; that of Queen Anne; and that of George IV. But it will tend to elucidate the subject, if, out of the heterogeneous material from which the English tongue and literature assumed a fixed and national type, we can fix its origin. We will take a slight, and cursory, view of the decline of letters in the old Roman empire; that mighty stream which emptied itself into a subterranean abyss in the middle or dark ages; until after many centuries, (to continue the figure,) its waters sprang up in the several modern European states; the fragments of that stupendous empire, which once swayed the destinies of the civilized world. The enormity of the Roman empire rendered its partition a natural consequence. Out of one empire, two arose; namely, the *Eastern* and the *Western*. The latter soon sunk; and in the fifth century, Rome, the "mistress of the world," owned a barbarian lord as her conqueror.

The Eastern empire, or that of the Byzantine Greeks, existed much longer. It lasted in fact 1,000 years longer than the Latin; until the descendants of Mahomet totally annihilated it in the fifteenth century. The interval between constitutes the DARK AGES. The age of barbarity and ignorance may be dated, in an historical point of view, from the destruction of the magnificent Alexandrian Library. When that city was taken, the commander of the Saracens found there John the Grammarian, whose learning commanded the respect even of barbarians. He noticed the preservation of the philosophical books in the Royal Libraries. Amrus despatched a courier to Omar, the commander of the faithful; and the fatal answer was returned:—*"As to the book of which you have made mention, if there be contained in them what accords with the Book of God, (the Koran,) there is without them in the Book of God all that is sufficient. But if there be in them any thing repugnant to that Book, we in no respect want them. LET THEM BE DESTROYED."*

This magnificent collection was dispersed through the baths, and served for fuel for six months. Abulphurgius, the historian, who records the transaction, expresses his sense of the calamity by a graphic exclamation:—"Hear what was done: be silent; and wonder!"

The rapid victories of these Eastern conquerors soon carried their empire from Asia into the remote regions of Spain. When their empire was established, science and literature were thought worthy of cultivation. This was exactly the case as with the ancient

Greeks when Persia was conquered; Rome, too, when Carthage was destroyed: so likewise the Arabians, after the Caliphate was established at Bagdad. Letters followed them, and flourished in a splendid manner during eight centuries of the existence of the illustrious house of the *Abbasidae*. The Tartars and Turks extinguished the sovereignty and politeness of the Arabians. We turn to the West; and the whole of Europe was in a manner wholly barbarous; ignorant barons, and their more ignorant vassals; men, like Homer's Cimmerians,

"With fog and cloud enveloped."

As error crept into the prevailing religion, ignorance followed in its train; and apostate Christianity, at the fourth Council of Carthage, prohibited bishops from reading secular books. This was in 398. This is to be noted as a *consequence*, and not as a cause. Wherever religious truth prevails, there is a consequent intellectual development. We will see this most wonderfully illustrated as we proceed, at the period of the Reformation. Rome, in her day of greatness, not only imposed her yoke, but her language, on conquered nations. Throughout the empire the corruption of the Latin tongue commenced. This *living* language ceased, and the treasury of knowledge was locked up; but the worst consequence was, that the *newly-formed tongues* were hardly ever made use of in writing. For a layman to sign his name was a marvel.

ENGLAND reached her lowest point of intellectual degradation in the middle of the ninth century. Nothing could be more deplorable than the state of letters throughout Europe, in this and the preceding century. In the year 1000, scarcely one individual could be found in all Rome who knew the A. B. C. Alfred tells us, that he did not know one priest south of Thames who understood the ordinary prayers, or could translate a Latin letter in his day. The scarcity of books caused the universal ignorance. The Egyptian papyrus was no longer imported, since the reduction of Alexandria by the Saracens; and the expense of the materials of which parchment was made, led to the unfortunate practice of erasing a MS. in order to substitute some idle fable or superstitious legend on the same skin. Ignorance engendered superstition; and vice and poverty completed the destruction of civil society.

H. I.

*Piety* communicates a divine lustre to the mind—beauty and wit may flourish for a season, but age will nip the bloom of beauty; sickness and sorrow will stop the current of wit and humour; and in that gloomy time, which is appointed for all, piety will support the drooping soul like a refreshing dew upon the parched earth.

# COINCIDENCES, OMENS, AND PRESENTIMENTS.

(Concluded from page 216.)

There are many accounts on record of the strangest presentiments entertained by individuals, which have been actually brought to pass. A niece of the Prince Radzvil could never be induced to enter by one of the principal doors which led to a great saloon, over which was hung a massy brass frame, emblazoned with the arms of the family—her repugnance could by no means whatever be overcome, pass through it she would not. At length, on the eve of her marriage, a game was got up, and it was her turn to pass through this door—she was forced in—the door slammed behind her—the frame was loosened from its hold above, and the unfortunate young lady was killed under its weight.—The unconquerable aversion the beautiful arch-duchess Josepha entertained to visit the imperial vault previous to her setting out to meet her intended bridegroom, the king of Naples, was strangely prophetic of her fate. Compelled by her mother, at length, to do it, she resignedly complied with her request, and four days after she died of the small-pox.—Louis XV. died from much the same cause; on a hunting excursion, he met the funeral of a young woman; on hearing that she had died of the small-pox, he was immediately seized with the presentiment that that malady would be the cause of his death; it effectively was, for in ten days he was a corpse.—Cardinal Wolsey knew the exact hour he would die: "Eight of the clock," quoth he, "that cannot be;" rehearsing divers times, "eight of the clock, eight of the clock. Nay, nay," quoth he, at the last, "it cannot be eight of the clock, for by eight of the clock, ye shall lose your master, for my time draweth near, that I must depart out of this world."\* The cardinal actually died at that hour.—Cromwell had a presentiment in favour of the third day of September, and a remarkable day it was to him: on that day 1650, he gave the Scots, whom he hated and despised, a total overthrow at the battle of Dunbar; on that day twelvemonths, he defeated Charles II. at Worcester; and on that day, in the year 1658, he died.—Byron's reluctance to begin any undertaking on a Friday, must be known to most persons; his conviction that it would entail ill luck on him was firmly grounded. Indeed the last undertaking of his life seems to justify the aversion he held this ill-omened day in, for he set out on his unfortunate journey to Greece on a Friday.

Many more might be quoted were proper researches to be made. The month of April has been observed to be more fatal to celebrated women than any other: in this

month have died, Madame de Maintenon, Madame de Pompadour, Christina of Sweden, Queen Elizabeth, Diana of Poitiers, Petrarch's "Laura," Madame de Sévigné, Judith, Queen of France, Jeanne de Navarre, &c. &c. This is a strange coincidence in the fates of renowned females. The 21st of the month was singularly fatal to Louis XVI.: on the 21st of June following his marriage which took place on the 21st of April, 1500 of his subjects lost their lives by an accident in celebrating the nuptials. On the 21st of January, 1791, he was arrested at Varennes; on the 21st of September, the following year, he was dethroned, and royalty was abolished, and on the 21st of January, 1793, he was beheaded.—January was fatal to Charles and to Louis XVI.; the sum of the digits composing the respective years in which they were beheaded, each amount to twenty, viz.,  $1+6+4+9=20$  and  $1+7+9+3=20$ , and the digits denoting the date of the month likewise make the same sum, viz., three,  $2+1=3$  and  $3+0=3$ . On the death of both these monarchs, their thrones were filled by usurpers, and their respective lines eventually restored to their rights, but again deposed and that too after two brothers had sat on the throne, the last of which was dethroned and died in exile. Charles II. and Louis XVIII. completed their reigns, and their brothers and successors; James II. and Charles X. both died in exile: curiously enough too, both families were restored in the month of May: the parallel is therefore complete. The accession of a new branch of the Capets on the throne of France has always been preceded by the death of three brothers. Philip the handsome left four sons at his death; three of them reigned and the branch of the Valois succeeded. When their time was completed, Henri II. died, leaving four heirs, three of whom filled the throne, viz., Francis II., Charles IX., and Henri III., that branch then became extinct, and the Bourbons swayed the sceptre. After the death of the three brothers, Louis XVI., Louis XVIII., and Charles X., a different branch succeeded, the same that now governs the kingdom. These are, we must confess, unaccountable phenomena. A sort of fatality seems to have guided the whole of the occurrences.

The reason why Louis XIII. married Anne of Austria, who afterwards became the mother of the Grand Monarque, Louis XIV., is extremely singular, as well as one or two circumstances which followed their marriage. Had it not been for the following occurrences, the affairs of the kingdom might have been completely altered; it appears, then, that "Loys de Bourbon" (the ancient orthography) contained thirteen letters, he was thirteen years old, and was the thirteenth

\* Cavendish.

† Moore.



King of France of that name. The princess "Anne d'Autriche," likewise had thirteen letters in her name, was also in her thirteenth year, and was the thirteenth Princess of the House of Spain. But, besides this, Louis and Anne were born on the same day of the same month of the same year. All these coincidences were irresistible and they were deemed made for each other. Now, Anne had no children till she had been married twenty-three years, *i. e.* "vingt-trois ans," which words contain thirteen letters; no other number whatever would have made the thirteen letters. Their sons' names were *Loys* and *Philippe*, which words again contain thirteen letters.

It is well known how curiously the name of Napoleon may be analysed, *Napoleon*, "the Lion of the wood," *apoleon*, "the destroyer," *poleon*, "of cities," &c. Dr. Granville mentions three very curious coincidences, and which, I believe, are not known to those who have not read his delightful "Journey to St. Petersburg." These coincidences, it is worthy of remark, only hold good in the native language of this extraordinary man; here they are in the order Dr. Granville himself places them in, and which is at once ingenious and simple:—

Napoleon		
Crowned in 1805	and in Paris	Dethroned in 1814
1		1
8		8
0		1
5		4
14	Deduction	14
	14	
	14	
	Nihil	

Napoleon	Pussia
Iachimo	Austria
Hieronimo	Russia
Iosepho	Inghilterra
Lugli	Svezia

The ominous manner in which the deaths of the few last Popes might have been predicted, and which is noticed in the xiv. vol. of the *Mirror*, p. 352, is, perhaps, the most extraordinary instance of the combination of numbers with the fates of mortals.

However absurd the pretended miracles of the Prince of Hohenlohe may appear, the one I am about to quote would be allowed to take the same road as many other impositions, *viz.*, through one ear and out at the other, had we not the authority of Stuart in his work on America; in the 2nd vol. p. 56, he says:—"One of Prince Hohenlohe's

most astounding miracles was performed at Washington, in the year 1824, an attested account of which has been written by a professor of the Georgetown college. The sister of the Mayor of Washington was at the point of death and her disease declared by the physicians to be beyond the reach of medical skill, when, according to the direction of Prince Hohenlohe, a nine days' devotion was performed; and after the celebration of mass, at the very moment of her swallowing the Sacrament, at four hours after four o'clock in the morning, she was restored to a most perfect state of health and has continued ever since perfectly well. The whole of the parties in this case are most respectable, and the facts unquestionably happened as here stated. "This we are bound to look upon as the work of pure chance, for we are not to suspect a man capable of possessing power sufficient to perform a miracle. In the same manner we must look upon it as chance that Columbus, having previously determined to bestow the name of the Trinity on the first land he should discover, (in his third voyage,) actually discovered an island on which stand three mountains, apparently from the sea, joined together—the same island that now bears the name of Trinidad and which he gave to it. We must likewise attribute to chance the curious circumstance of the letter C so often occurring in the principal events of the unfortunate Princess Charlotte's life, noticed in the *Mirror*, vol. x., p. 376. Also that in the word "Devil" every thing is bad, *viz.*,

Devil  
Evil  
Vil  
Il  
L—(Hell)

and that a mendicant speaks his own misfortunes, "mend I can't." All these are coincidences, as curious as that Napoleon, the Duke of Wellington, and Marshal Soult, were born in the same year. H. M.

#### A ROYAL HUSBAND.

In the autumn of the year 1567, Thomas Ratcliffe, Earl of Sussex, was sent by Queen Elizabeth to Vienna, to the court of the Emperor, in order to report upon the person of Archduke Charles, (youngest son of Ferdinand the First) who was considered as a desirable match for the Queen. Elizabeth seems to have been more disposed to this alliance than to any other which had been proposed to her. The following curious description of the Archduke was sent by the Earl of Sussex to the Queen herself:—

"His highness is a person higher surely a good deal than my L. Marques;\* his heare of heade and bearde, of a light aburne; his face well proportioned, amiable, and of a

\* The Marquis of Winchester, Lord Treasurer.

very good complexion, withoute shewe of readnesse or over paleness; his countenance and speche cherefull, very courteous, and not withoute some state; his body well-shaped withoute deformitie or blemish; his hands very good and fayer; his legges cleane, well proportioned, and of sufficient bigness for his stature; his fote as good as may be. So as, upon my dutie to your Majestie, I finde not one deformitie, misshape, or any thinge to be noted worthy mislikinge in his hole person; but, contrary wise, I finde his hole shape to be good, worthy commendation and likinge in all respects, and such as is rarely to be found in such a Prince. His highnes, besides his naturall language of Duches, speaketh very well Spanish and Italian, and as I heare, Latin. . . . . He deliteth moche in huntinge, ridinge, hawkinge, exercise of feats of armes, and hearinge of musicke, wherof he hath very good. He hath, as I heare, some understandinge in astronomy and cosmography, and taketh pleasure in clocks that sett forth the cowerse of the planetts."

H. E. B.

#### VOLCANOES

HAVE been well called the chimneys, or safety-valves of the globe; and where they do not exist, the elastic matters generated or evolved in the great subterranean laboratory, produce effects not less terrific than those of an actual eruption. Indeed, it would seem, that they not unfrequently give place, as remarked by our author, to a visitation of a much more destructive character, "the most terrible effects being felt at a certain distance from the orifice, although the power of action is probably not far removed from the latter."

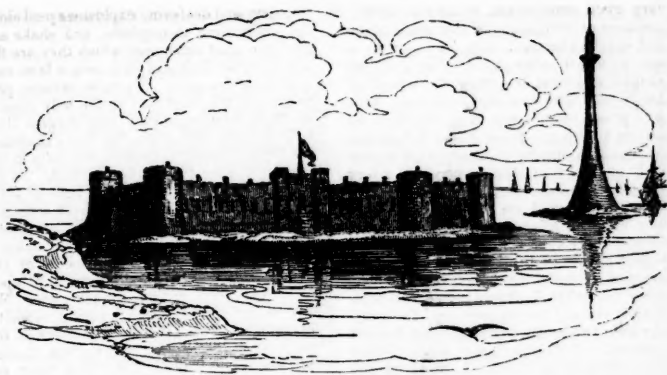
Whatever our theories may be in regard to the causes of volcanic action, the most vivid description or most perfect representation will give but a faint conception of the attending phenomena and effects. Who can paint an eruption of an *Ætna*, a *Vesuvius*, or a *Hecla*? The phenomena are ever varied and changeful, as well as the most awful and grand, we can contemplate. We may be told that flames are vomited forth with dense volumes of smoke and vapour, rolling away and overspreading the earth for leagues with thick darkness, partially and fitfully illuminated from time to time by the quick flashings of electrical light, while showers of red-hot stones and ashes, with torrents of glowing lava, pour over the crater, and roll in fiery billows into the plain below, overwhelming and destroying every thing in their course;—we may picture to ourselves the frightened inhabitants hurrying in all directions with what few articles can be hastily snatched up, their path lighted up by the terrific eruptions, while the appalling

thunders and deafening explosions peal along the suffocating atmosphere, and shake and rend the solid earth over which they are flying—but we shall still have only a faint conception of the scene. To most persons, phenomena of this kind may be the only ones of much interest, and they may imagine that, as these mighty energies become exhausted, but little remains to awaken curiosity in the scoræ, ruin, and desolation around. So far from this, much will be found, both of interest, and instruction, in the most indistinct traces of the former activity of volcanoes. Almost every step over a volcanic country adds something to our knowledge of the structure of the earth, or throws light upon the changes which it has undergone. We find mountains formed of marine deposits, which were once beneath the waters of the ocean, that have been raised up, and discern the remnants of those that have been engulfed; we find strata that once were horizontal and far below the soil, now presenting themselves to day, or broken up by huge dikes of trap and basalt, or traversed by enormous veins of porphyry and granite. These, and many analogous appearances, almost innumerable, in every part of the earth, are rendered intelligible by the careful study of tracts of country once convulsed by volcanic action.

In the descriptions, and more especially in the examination, of volcanic regions, there is much, apart from geology, that cannot fail to gratify the curiosity, and awaken the deepest interest in the minds of us all;—as when we descend into the streets and enter the deserted edifices of once populous and flourishing cities, that have for centuries been buried beneath the consolidated ashes, or streams of compact lava. With what feelings do we learn, that here the very inmates of the houses were discovered,—the husband, and wife with infant in her arms,—the master and slave,—the prints of the soldiers' feet in the stocks, and the remains of groups that fled for safety to the cellars! What are our emotions, when we read the writings scribbled on the walls by the loungers of the guard-room, or trace the baker's name stamped upon the loaf, more than a thousand years ago, and follow the deep ruts in the pavement! when we are told of the figure with the uplifted axe petrified, as it were, in the very moment of forcing a passage for all he held dear on earth; of the miser with his keys in his shrivelled hand, hastening to secure his treasure, and arrested on the threshold by the suffocating vapours? Effects and traces like these are calculated, we think, to awaken a general interest, not inferior to that of any of the modern discoveries in fossil geology.

*Daubeny's Narrative.*





## THE FORT AND LIGHTHOUSE, LIVERPOOL.

THE above buildings form not only a protection and convenience to the port of Liverpool, but objects of picturesque appearance on entering the Mersey. The Fort covers a surface of between three and four hundred square yards. The west or principal front mounts six thirty-two pounders: there are also two guns in the west tower: the front between the north-west and north-east angles mounts four guns. In case an enemy should attempt to pass the Fort up the Rock Channel, such is the narrowness of the channel, the vessels must pass within four hundred yards of the Fort, and be subject to its raking fire. There are sixteen 32-pounders on the surface of the Fort, and two in casemates of the towers. The approach is by a stone bridge of three small arches. Cisterns are built to obtain rain water in case of necessity. Furnaces for heating shot are also constructed. This fort was built under the superintendence of Captain Kitson, of the Royal Engineers.

The *Light-house* is erected on a point of rock on the western coast, which is covered at quarter flood, the water at high spring tides rising twenty feet above the surface of the rock: this light-house was built at the expense of the Corporation, at a cost of £27,500 from a design of Mr. John Forster: it is seventy-five feet high from its foundation to the lantern, and thirty-five feet in diameter immediately below the base, and fifteen and a-half at the cornice: the latter part, to the height of twenty-eight feet and a-half, is solid, from which a spiral staircase leads to the store-room and the apartments of the three keepers; above these is the lantern, at a medium height of sixty feet above the level of the sea, in which is a light of thirty argand lamps, with reflectors, in a triangular frame, revolving once in three minutes, and presenting, successively, two lights, of a natural

colour, and of brilliant red, which attain their full lustre every successive minute; and in hazy weather a bell is constantly ringing to prevent accidents: this structure is esteemed a master-piece of art: it is of lime-stone. The first light was exhibited the 1st of March, 1830.

## Anecdote Gallery.

## MATHEWSIANA.

DURING Mathews's last visit to America, he was, for the most part, in ill health; aches and pains, incident to his years, together with an exquisitely nervous temperament, kept him a good portion of the time in hot water; his manner, at such periods, was querulous in the extreme; every trifling annoyance was constructed into a personal affront, or intentional persecution. The courteous and accomplished chief of Tremont House, at Boston, was called in hot haste to his apartment, late of a dull March afternoon—the wind east. He found the inimitable mime limping about the room in a state of great agitation. "Mr. S—," said he, "I am a miserable dog. You know it—every body knows it. Nerves out of order"—here he described a semicircle with his game leg, and drew the sloping corner of his mouth—"nobody thinks anything of annoying poor Mathews. Look here—look *there—there!*" he continued as he drew his companion to the window, and pointed to a servant, who was cracking walnuts for the next day's desert, in the courtyard. "There's a fellow for you! 'Click! click!' for an hour together, and looking up to me (miserable dog!) with that infernal grin. There—there he goes again!" An explanation followed, the servant was ordered away, and the excited droll became comparatively calm. But hardly had Mr. S—

reached the office, before he was again violently recalled. Some one had entered the house by the private entrance, and by a slight rap or two at the door of a neighbouring room, was "pulling the wires" of the unstrung actor's nervous system. This time, it was with much difficulty that he could be pacified. From divers indigenous annoyances, he finally widened to the "people in general" of this country. "Every body delights to vex me," said he—"every body. Sometimes I am bored to death with impertinent questions; and then again I can't get more than a word from any body, and that always of the shortest. I asked a passenger at table, on board the steamer, coming on, what I should carve for him, (we had waited 'twenty minutes' for a servant,) from two meats before me, but beyond his reach. 'Mutton!' said he. 'What shall I give you, sir?' said I, to his neighbour. 'Beef!' was the reply, sent to me like a projectile. 'Just reach me that salt,' said the taciturn fellow to the man opposite. 'There's salt by you,' he replied—"I don't see it," rejoined the other.—'Who said you did?' answered the amiable gourmand, keeping his eye on a plate of green peas, and exclaiming at the same time, to a man near him, who was 'looking out for number one,' 'Halves, mister!—halves; 'f you please!' When they had nearly bolted their meal, (you eat like pigs, in America,) I ventured to observe to the first specimen, the weather behaving ridiculous, that it was getting roughish. 'Humph!' said he. I repeated the remark. 'Humph!' again. 'Don't you think the weather rather roughish?' I perseveringly inquired of his grum counterpart.—'I leave it entirely to you!' said he, picking his teeth with an iron fork, and rising from the table. They call the Americans a *civil* people!" continued Mathews, in the very tone of "Mr. Samuel Coddle," complaining of the wind whistling round his "corner house;" "civil!—well sometimes they *are*. Then they are bores. But generally, the Yankees are as short as a ship-biscuit. One night last week, I said to a man in New York, as I was groping along somewhere near my lodgings—(no lights—lamps half out—couldn't find the way)—'Friend, I wish to go to Murray-street.'—'Well,' said he, taking a long ill-flavoured cigar from his mouth (nine inches long, and nine for a penny,) 'well, why in h—ll don't you go to Murray-street?—nobody hinders you!' That now was polite! Ask a Frenchman what's o'clock, and he answers: 'Half-past nine—much obliged to you.' There's a contrast for you!" And thus the irritable comedian went on, until Mr. S— grew a-weary, when he paused, as we do, and his auditor escaped—like the reader.—*Knickerbocker.*

## Manners and Customs.

### ON THE TRIAL BY ORDEAL AMONG THE HINDUS.

ORDEAL by the *balance* is thus performed. The beam having been previously adjusted, the cord fixed, and both scales made perfectly even, the person accused and a *Pandit* fast a whole day; then, after the accused has been bathed in sacred water, the *hóma*, or *oblation*, presented to *Fire*, and the deities worshipped, he is carefully weighed; and, when he is taken out of the scale, the *Pandits* prostrate themselves before it, pronounce a certain *mentra* or *incantation*, agreeably to the *Sástras*, and, having written the substance of the accusation on a piece of paper, bind it on his head. Six minutes after, they place him again in the scale; and, if he weigh more than before, he is held guilty; if less, innocent; if exactly the same, he must be weighed a third time; when, as it is written in the *Mitácshérá*, there will certainly be a difference in his weight. Should the balance, though well fixed, break down, this would be considered as a proof of his guilt.

For the *fire-ordeal* an excavation, nine hands long, two spans broad, and one span deep, is made in the ground, and filled with a fire of *pippal* wood: into this the person accused must walk bare-footed; and, if his foot be unhurt, they hold him blameless; if burned, guilty.

*Water-ordeal* is performed by causing the person accused to stand in a sufficient depth of water, either flowing or stagnant, to reach his navel; but care should be taken, that no ravenous animal be in it, and that it be not moved by much air: a *Bráhma*n is then directed to go into the water, holding a staff in his hand; and a soldier shoots three arrows on dry ground from a bow of cane: a man is next dispatched to bring the arrow which has been shot farthest; and, after he has taken it up, another is ordered to run from the edge of the water; at which instant the person accused is told to grasp the foot or the staff of the *Bráhma*n, who stands near him in the water, and immediately to dive into it. He must remain under water, till the two men, who went to fetch the arrows, are returned; for, if he raise his head or body above the surface, before the arrows are brought back, his guilt is considered as fully proved. In the villages near *Benáres*, it is the practice for the person, who is to be tried by this kind of ordeal, to stand in water up to his navel, and then, holding the foot of a *Bráhma*n, to dive under it as long as a man can walk fifty paces very gently: if, before the man has walked thus far, the accused rise above the water, he is condemned; if not, acquitted.

There are two sorts of trial by *poison*; first, the *Pandits* having performed their *hóma*, and the person accused his ablation, two

*retti's* and a half, or seven barley-corns, of *vishanaga*, a poisonous root, or of *Sanc'hyá*, that is, white arsenick, are mixed in eight *máshá's*, or sixty-four *retti's*, of clarified butter, which the accused must eat from the hand of a *Bráhma*n: if the poison produce no visible effect, he is absolved; otherwise, condemned. Secondly, the hooded snake, called *nda*, is thrown into a deep earthen pot, into which is dropped a ring, a seal, or a coin: this the person accused is ordered to take out with his hand; and, if the serpent bite him, he is pronounced guilty; if not, innocent.

Trial by the *Cósha* is as follows: the accused is made to drink three draughts of the water, in which the images of the *Sun*, of *Dévi*, and other deities, have been washed for that purpose; and if, within fourteen days, he has any sickness or indisposition, his crime is considered as proved.

When several persons are suspected of theft, some dry rice is weighed, with the sacred stone, called *Sálgám*; or certain *Slócas* are read over it; after which the suspected persons are severally ordered to chew a quantity of it: as soon as they have chewed it, they are to throw it on some leaves of *pippal*, or, if none be at hand, on some *b'hárga patra*, or bark of a tree from *Népál* or *Cashmír*. The man, from whose mouth the rice comes dry or stained with blood, is holden guilty; the rest are acquitted.

The ordeal by *hot oil* is very simple: when it is heated sufficiently, the accused thrusts his hand into it; and, if he be not burned, is held innocent.

In the same manner, they make an iron ball, or the head of a lance, red hot, and place it in the hands of the person accused; who, if it burn him not, is judged guiltless.

To perform the ordeal by *dharmárch*, which is the name of the *slóca* appropriated to this mode of trial, either an image, named *Dharma*, or the Genius of Justice, is made of silver, and another, called *Adharma*, of clay or iron, both of which are thrown into a large earthen jar, and the accused, having thrust his hand into it, is acquitted, if he bring out the silver image, but condemned, if he draw forth the iron; or, the figure of a deity is painted on white cloth, and another on black; the first of which they name *dharma*, and the second, *adharma*: these are severally rolled up in cow-dung, and thrown into a large jar, without having ever been shown to the accused; who must put his hand into the jar, and is acquitted or convicted, as he draws out the figure on white, or on black, cloth.

#### YEAST OF TRUMPETS.

THE celebration of the feast of trumpets among the Jews, takes place on the first of the month *Tisri*, which is the beginning of the Jewish civil year. The name is supposed

to be derived from its being proclaimed by sound of trumpet, but, upon what occasion it was first instituted we are unable to discover. Theodore is of opinion, that it was appointed to commemorate the thunder and lightning upon Mount Sinai, when God gave his laws to the Israelites. The ancient Rabbins, say that it was in remembrance of the deliverance of Isaac, in whose stead Abraham sacrificed a ram; while some modern Jews maintain, that it was in memory of the creation of the world, which they assert was in the beginning of autumn; and as they have a tradition that on this day God judges the actions of the foregoing year and disposes of the events of the following, they generally, for the eight days preceding this feast, apply themselves to works of penance and mortification. On the feast, which lasts for two days, all labour and business is suspended; and, while they had their sacrifices, the Jews offered, in the name of the whole nation, a solemn holocaust of a calf, two rams, and seven lambs, all of the same year, together with the flour and wine, that were usually used at such sacrifices; but, since the sacrifices have ceased, they go, instead, to the synagogue, where they repeat several prayers and benedictions; after which they take the Pentateuch very solemnly out of the chest, and having read to five persons the service that used to be performed on that day, they sound a horn twenty times, sometimes very low, at other times very loud, which they affirm is for the purpose of making them think of the judgments of God; and, at the same time, to intimidate sinners, and put them in mind of the necessity of repentance. W. G. C.

#### The Public Journals.

##### ON THE USE AND ABUSE OF SPIRITUOUS LIQUORS: BY DR. CARL ROSCH.

DR. CARL ROSCH has published in the last number of the German quarterly periodical *Deutsche Vierteljahres Schrift*, a very curious essay under the above title ("*Ueber den Missbrauch Geistiger Getränke*")—curious not merely for the enumeration of the effects and evils, mental and physical, arising from the abuse of spirits, but also for the concentrated history of such liquors, and their use in various countries.

The following extract exhibits, in a concise form the various methods of intoxication used by the people of different periods and places:—

"Herodotus tells us that the inhabitants of the islands of *Araxes* intoxicated themselves by throwing into a fire round which they sat the fruit of a certain tree, the fumes of which made them drunk, as wine did the Greeks. . . . The Siberians learned at an early period to make a sort of brandy from

mare's milk. The inhabitants of the South Sea intoxicate themselves with an infusion of the pepper-root, &c. Noah got drunk with wine, and the descendants of Abraham recognised it as a delightful beverage, which gives joy to the human heart, but which taken in excess produces much evil. Mahomet acted wisely in forbidding the use of wine to the eastern nations, but they supplied its place with a much worse medium of intoxication—viz., opium. The ancient Egyptians knew how to prepare from the grain, which grew superabundantly in their fertile land, a vinous-spirituos (*weingeistig*) liquor, somewhat of the nature of beer, yet greatly differing from such beer as is drunk in Munich, Augsburg, Ulm, &c. The old Germans drank beer in abundance, though it was not of the present quality; but about the twelfth century, when vine-planting was more generally prevalent, wine came into fashion. The *humpen* of the old German knights are celebrated, but the knightly virtue of drinking seems, in later days, to have descended to the students. The ancient Greeks were not averse to wine; they revered the God Bacchus, in whose honour Anacreon has sung many a beautiful song; but they used wine rather as a luxury for great feasts than as a daily mean of enjoyment, and usually drank it mixed with water. According to the fable, Amphitryon, King of Athens, learned from Bacchus himself to mix water with wine; and in the train of Silenus are nymphs representing water, with which the perpetual drunkard should have qualified his cups. The use of wine to a degree of intoxication was forbidden, even in the time of the Bacchanalia; and he who on ordinary occasions drank it unmixed was reckoned a Scythian. In many states of ancient Greece it was a custom and law that youths and girls, before marriage, should drink nothing but water. \* \* \* Even the Romans did not drink immoderately, though they esteemed wine, the good qualities of which were so well known to their poets. While it is believed now-a-days that a soldier in the field must have brandy to endure fatigue, and perhaps to look death more boldly in the face, the Roman armies, that conquered the world, only carried with them water and vinegar."

Though the Siberian soon knew how to make his spirits from milk, and the Arabian, at an early period learned the distillation of alcohol, nothing was known of brandy in Europe before the fourteenth century, and it was not till the end of the fifteenth that the lower class of people became acquainted with it. Since that time the cheapest materials for distillation have been used, and intoxication seems steadily to have increased.

Dr. Rösch is no teetotalist, as we shall see hereafter, though the contrary might be inferred from his praise of Mahomet's edict against wine, which simply proceeds from his

opinion that wine is injurious in warm climates.

"The warmer the climate," he says, "so much the more injurious to the health are spirituous liquors of every kind. The Italians seldom drink their fiery wines unmixed with water, nor except in small portions: they know that any excess will speedily and severely punish them. Professor Link of Berlin, ascribes the diarrhæas which are so often dangerous to travellers in Italy, from northern parts, to the use of the stronger Italian wines, which, partly from their domestic habit of drinking, partly from the erroneous opinion that they will protect themselves from the enervating effects of the heat, they drink unmixed and in great abundance. Among the British troops which remain in southern countries the cheap spirits which they drink abroad as they would at home cause fearful havoc. The great mortality among the Europeans in the East Indies is greatly to be ascribed to the ordinary use of heating liquors. The inhabitants of hot countries, as well as those who remain in them for a time, are rather directed by nature to the use of cooling drinks, and of those aromatic acid fruits which are there matured by the heat of the sun. The natives of India drink nothing but rice-water, and Dr. Mosely says of travellers to that country, 'I can bear witness that those who only drink water suffer little from the climate.'"

The ordinary diseases incident to drunkenness are too generally admitted to require enumeration here. However, the madness arising from the disarrangement of the nervous system in consequence of drinking is less known, and the following is a singular case:—

"In the Katharinen Hospital, at Stuttgart, a case of this kind occurred, which was remarkable as well by the violence of the madness as by the suddenness of the fatal termination. The first attack was over when the patient entered the hospital, but the second came on while he was there. He shrieked fearfully, his features became distorted, his eyes rolled, the pupils dilated, his face became flushed, his forehead covered with perspiration, his pulse violent and rapid, the sensorium obscured by deceptions of the senses. He always saw flames and fiery shapes, which seemed to stand before him and threaten him. In the third attack his raving was terrific; he continually believed that he saw a funeral pile on which he was to be burnt. In the fourth attack, which was so violent that the patient destroyed every thing on which he could lay hands, and struck his head so violently against the wall as to leave traces of blood, he suddenly died."

According to Dr. Rösch 200 persons committed suicide in London, in the year 1839,

from the effects of drinking ardent liquors, and in Berlin the fourth part of all the suicides, from 1812 to 1821, the cause of which was known, were attributable to the same origia,

Notwithstanding he dwells so much on the horrors proceeding from excessive drinking, he is by no means, as we have before hinted, an advocate for thorough abstinence. On the subject of wine he is even rather eloquent:—

“Considered with regard to the excitement of the nervous system, to the animation and impulse given to physical activity, a noble (*edler*) wine has, as is well known, the advantage over all other spirituous liquors. Wine rejoices the heart of man, is the enlivener of age, the cheerer of the care-worn; wine strengthens the limbs of the weary, gives courage to the timid, kindles the flame of holy feelings in the breast of the poet, ties more firmly the bond of friendship. Many a happy hour, many a bright thought, many an impulse to noble and self-denying acts, many a fine poem, doubtless owes its birth to wine. The poets of ancient and modern times write its praise. Yes; even the soberest men of science, who have, like the celebrated Haller, contended themselves with water, allow to wine the just credit of sharpening the wit and animating the poetical spirit.”

For brandy he is rather an apologist than a praiser, but it will be seen at a glance that he would by no means exclude it, though he afterwards says that he would have the vending of its subject to certain regulations of police:—

“What wine is (he says) to the man in comfortable circumstances, brandy is to the poor man, and the latter is more frequently in a situation to require a stimulus to completion of his labour, which so often exceeds his strength. The poor man has at the same time coarse, bad, and often insufficient food, which is not calculated to give real strength and hardiness, and he has a clothing which is more or less scanty. Hence arises to him who suffers under the bitterest of all cares—namely, care for food—the wish, nay, the necessity, of procuring at a cheap rate a happy hour, or rather an hour in which misery may for a while be forgotten. Considered in this point of view, the brandy-drinking of the poor, if not carried to excess, may be regarded with some indulgence.”

The following is a history of temperance societies:—

“As early as the sixteenth century arose what were called ‘Orders of Temperance.’ Such an order was in the year 1517 founded by many nobles of Styria, Carinthia, and Carniola, according to an idea of Baron Siegmund, of Dietrichstein. The Palatinate Order of the Golden King, whose patron was

Frederick, Count Palatine of the Rhine, and which was founded by Landgrave Maurice of Hesse in 1600, was of the like kind. The intemperance to which these orders were opposed may be judged from the circumstance that one of them allowed seven goblets of the order filled with wine to be emptied at a meal, but commanded that all remaining thirst should be quenched with beer. Afterwards no more was heard of such orders until the abuse of spirituous liquors called forth temperance societies in different countries, but first of all in America. The first temperance society was founded at Boston in the year 1813. In 1829 arose the first temperance society in Europe—namely, at New Ross, in Ireland, and now in all parts of the latter country and Scotland, such societies are formed. The first in London was founded in May, 1831, and was followed by others in the English colonies. Even in Germany the cause found an interest; the first unions were found at Saxe-Weimar, Geneva, and Friburg. And, indeed, the temperance societies shed a blessing every where, since in places where they had been long established, not only mortality, but also crime, diminished, and industry and domestic peace returned, as has been reported of Scotland.

Dr. Rösch’s short paper would be a fine lesson for those writers whose prolixity increases in the inverse ratio of the information they convey, and is a good specimen of true German industry and research. Ancient and modern history and books of travels have been consulted: the opinions of numerous physicians have been collected; in fact every thing that could, in the remotest degree, bear upon the subject, has been brought together and compressed into an article of forty-two pages.—*Times*.

#### TO THE BEE.

Odorous reveller in clover—  
Happy hummer England over—  
Blossom-kisser! wing thy way  
Where the breeze keeps holiday.  
Thou art like the poet, free:  
All sweet flowers have sweets for thee,  
Insect minstrel, blessed bee!

Sunburnt labourer, brisk and brown—  
Every where o’er dale and down;  
Spring’s blithe pursuivant and page;  
Hermit holy; Druid sage;  
Pattering in a foxglove-bell,  
Cloistered snug, as in a cell:  
Fairy of the lonely dell.

Sometimes a small spot of shade  
By the dappling maple made,  
Do I think thee; and thy note,  
Hush of cities heard remote:  
Here and there, now more, now less,  
Seems thy droning to express  
Noontide lazy weariness.

What sweet traffic dost thou drive—  
Endless nature is thy hive!  
Pasture after pasture roam,  
Vagrant! every where at home!

We but see thy gorgeous bowers ;  
Whilst thou spendest all thy hours,  
In the very heart of flowers.

Freshest feeling hast thou wrought  
In me, of old home-bred thought ;  
Of dear homesteads, flower-o'-ergrown,  
Well in blessed boyhood known ;  
In thy warm, familiar sound,  
Years of summer youth are found,  
Sabbath, sunshine without bound.

Temples, nobler none, are thine,  
Where each flower thou mak'st a shrine ;  
Nor may any pilgrim bow  
More devotedly than thou ;  
Gatelike petals, open-blown,  
Wide for thee, and thee alone ;  
Where thou com'st as to a throne.

Ah ! how sleepy—thou, I ween,  
In the poppy's bloom hast been ;  
Or art drunken with the wine  
Of flushed rose or eglantine :  
Boundless revel dost thou keep,  
'Till o'ercome by golden sleep,—  
Tiny Bacchus ! drinking deep.

Cheery pilgrim—sportive fay—  
Wing and sing thy life away !  
Never pang thy course attends,  
Lack of love, nor feigning friends ;  
In a blossom thou art blest,  
And canst sink to sweetest rest,—  
Homed where'er thou likest best.

*Fraser's Magazine for October.*

#### THE LEAF-FALL OF THE YEAR.

I NEVER loved the fading,  
I still shrink from the dead ;  
I wou'd the byrnie and vernal,  
From the stern and sad I fled,  
But the young and gay have left me ;  
To mate with the worn and the seer ;  
And 'tis this that makes me welcome,  
The leaf-fall of the year.

Hail ! hail ! declining autumn !  
Like thine, my pleasures die ;  
My summer hues have vanished,  
My winter time draws nigh,  
I wander with heart blighted,  
Akin to all that's drear ;  
And 'tis this that makes me welcome,  
The leaf-fall of the year !

Love's sweet spring-time hath fled—  
Hope's promise-hours have flown ;  
My every joy has vanished,  
And left despair alone !  
I've lived to mourn their falsehood,  
The treasured and the dear ;  
And 'tis this that makes me welcome,  
The leaf-fall of the year !

*Old Monthly Magazine.*

#### AN EXTRACT FROM WINKLE'S JOURNAL.

EARLY one fine April morning Sam Weller came into my room at the Old Hummums, and awoke me, requesting me to accompany Mr. Pickwick to Cheltenham, stating that his master was not altogether well, that he felt pains in his side, that his digestion was out of order, and that he had resolved to try the effect of the Cheltenham waters. Mr. Weller said—

"Master has taken two insides, and one out, as far as Oxvord, by the Slap Bank, as goes at two o'clock from White Orsealer."

I said, "Mr. Pickwick is not seriously ill, I hope, Sam?"

"He ate his supper well last night—pray which side did you say pained him?"

"'Twas either the right or the left, sir, as nigh as I can remember."

"What can he want at Cheltenham?"

"Why, my master's a man vot eats and drinks moderate vell, but he gits some queer tinges about the liver, and then he says, 'Sam,' says he, 'I've a mind to try vat some o' them there Epsom salts at Chelt'num 'll do for me.' 'Vell,' says I, 'you can try 'em—not but vat I see a great hobjection to them there physical powers;' but master hoverrules his harguments. 'Sam,' says he, 'they'll be sure to set me to rights, as the old voman said when she flung her vet mop at the chimney sweep.'"

"Ah, Sam," said I, taking off my night-cap, "that simile sounds more like one of yours than of your master's; however present my kind regards to him, and say I will be at the White Horse Cellar punctually at a quarter before two o'clock. I trust there is nothing serious the matter with him: I fear, though, he is unwell, by his taking inside places, instead of out, as usual."

"'Twill be all the same, sir, time ve gets to Chelt'num; them there vaters 'll turn your insides out."

And with this consolatory remark Mr. Weller left me to my ablutions and morning's "toilette." I sent for a coach—no, I'm wrong—a cab, in the which to wend my eightpenny course to the White Horse Cellar. Just previous to the grand pull up at the said cellar, and whilst I was in the act of waving my hand to Mr. Pickwick and Sam Weller, who greeted me from the pavement, the horse stumbled, and fell slap on his head, throwing me, portmanteau, bag, and cabman, in a mixed somerset on the crossing.

"Gracious Heavens ! you are not hurt, I trust?" exclaimed Mr. Pickwick.

"No, only a little shook," says I.

"Vhy," says Sam, "you was shot out, sir, for all the world like pebbles out of a wheelbarrow, as the hurchin said when a throed down the amper a eggs."

"Boots, bring a brush," exclaimed Mr. Pickwick.

"Let I rub 'im down," urged Sam.

"Slam to the door, Jack; all right behind?" And Sam had just time to leave the hind wheel for his roost aloft, when its rotatory motion began to remind him of the danger of centrifugal force, by casting a bit of mud in Mr. Pickwick's eye, whose head was still out of the coach window, in the act of warning Sam Weller to get off the coach-wheel.

"Better that in your eye," old Barnacles, "than your livery servant down your throat!"



roared the insolent cabman, ere he evaporated from their sight.

Piccadilly and the park now seemed to pass us like a moving panorama, as the goodly Slapbang pursued its way towards Kensington, and other tons, that schoolboys send old peas to, "Because 'tis on their way to Turn 'um green," as Sam Weller remarked to a fellow-passenger, a cross old fellow, who answered him with, "Queen Anne's dead, spoony."

Sam Weller, therefore, answered the official announcement of Queen Anne's decease by a repartee nearly as new.

"Hollo, my erald!" says he "vhat a dust we make, as the vly sed to the coach wheel." This, together with a friendly slap on the back, and "Don't be crapped, old crumpet," produced a smile, and subsequent good fellowship.

In the inside of the Slapbang were two other passengers, the one a French gentleman, Monsieur de Beaureste, travelling for his pleasure—felicity-hunting, if I may be allowed the expression—the other a Mr. Vernon, an undergraduate, studying for honours at the next Oxford boat-races.

The French gentleman, with the politeness of a man of the world, did not wait for an introduction to his fellow-passengers ere he commenced conversation. The undergraduate was silent and reserved, as it is the fashion at Oxford, not even to save a man from drowning, if a previous mutual presentation has not taken place. However, after some common-place introductory remarks, the fellow-travellers began to thaw into a general conversation. Mr. Pickwick was very kind in explaining to the foreigner the names of places we passed on the road. The foreigner, no doubt an author, travelled with a dictionary, English and French, and made notes in French of Mr. Pickwick's explanations.

The inside passengers were now in merry conversation: let us leave them happy, and if my readers are not too proud to come outside for a few miles, I will accompany them. We find, of course, an Oxford man on the box trying to bribe the coachman to let him handle the ribbons; one other Oxonian on the roof, one fat lady, and one thin. Behind sat Sam Weller—I beg his pardon, Mr. Weller, for all coach passengers are gentlemen—the surly gentleman, and a recruiting sergeant of the marines, rigged aloft something like his ship, with pendants of divers colours. He was trying to nail Sam with a shilling. Sam was wide awake, and said, "No go vith you, lobster, in particular." The soldier urged the delights of his marine promenades, and the weight of his knapsack full of prize-money; but Mr. Weller was too old a bird for him, and there was no means of getting the salt on his tail. The cross old man chuckled at the

ingenious way in which Mr. Weller repelled the frequent attacks of this amphibious warrior.

The old gentleman advised the sergeant to try his luck with the "boatmen at Oxvurd, as vas a going to pull a match that ere very evening." The marine smiled, and said, he "vouldn't ave none o' them underdone parsons in his regiment."

"Applepos of a young parson," says Sam; "vhy do 'em call an empty bottle a marine?"

"'Cause its spirit's flown in its country's sarvice, as the poet said to his empty inkstand," answered the aquatic soldier.

"Vell, that's a good un, howivir," said the cross man.

"Vell, I'm blessed, if ve don't empty a bottle together ven we gits to Oxvurd; vont ve, soger?" proposed Mr. Weller.

"Ay, ay," agreed the merry marine.

Our readers must not suppose, because we are listening to the conversation behind the coach, that the passengers in front were altogether silent.

The French gentleman, all enthusiasm, had his head out of the window, regretting, seriously, that he could not have it out of both at the same time, so anxious was he to lose nothing of our charming island. At last an exclamation was heard, "By Gar, der is the Oxford, de charmin seat of de science, him beautiful, veni, vidi, vici, vive le Roi!"

"That ere French mounseer makes use of all the v's in the French lingo," said the coachman, as he threw a shilling to the gaping turnpike keeper.

Fast sped the Slapbang, and the noise of the wheels prevented my collecting any more of the agreeable conversation of my companions, as the coach rattled over the pavement. The fastidious reader may ask, how did you, Mr. Winkle, being inside the Slapbang, note down the conversation that took place outside the said coach? All I can say in my defence is, that not possessing the power of ubiquity, I trusted to Sam Weller's memory for the recital of such part of that conversation as I have recorded in this chapter. The coach is now halting for the night at the dearest Angel that ever came on earth. My legs are cramped!—*Extracted from the Metropolitan Magazine, Oct. 1838.*

### The Gatherer.

*A Scene in Court.*—"I call upon you," said the counsellor, "to state distinctly upon what authority are you prepared to swear to the mare's age?" "Under what authority?" said the hostler interrogatively. "You are to reply, and not to repeat the question put to you." "I doesn't consider a man's bound to answer a question afore he's time to turn it

in his mind." "Nothing can be more simple, Sir, than the question put. I again repeat it. Under what authority do you swear to the animal's age?" "The best authority," responded the witness gruffly. "Then why such evasion? Why not state it at once?" "Well, then, if you must have it—" "Must I will have it," vociferated the counsellor, interrupting the witness. "Well, then, if you must and will have it," rejoined the hostler with imperturbable gravity, "why, then, I had it myself from the mare's own mouth." A simultaneous burst of laughter rang through the court. The judge on the bench could with difficulty confine his risible muscles to judicial decorum.—*Captain Glascock's "Land Sharks and Sea Gulls."*

Lord Mansfield being willing to save a man who stole a watch, desired the jury to value it at tenpence; upon which the prosecutor cried out, "Tenpence, my lord! why, the very fashion of it cost me five pounds."—"Oh," said his lordship, "we must not hang a man for fashion's sake."

*An Expensive Toy.*—The *Nouveliste* observes, that the conveyance of the Luxor obelisk to France, cost nearly a million. The law of the 27th of June, 1833, granted 300,000 francs for the embellishments of the Place de la Concorde, and the laying down of the obelisk, in addition to the 40,000 francs voted in the budget of 1832. In 1835, M. Thiers demanded 140,000 francs for conveying the monument from the river-bank to the centre of the place. This conveyance, the laying down, and the accessories, cost 560,000 francs; the granite base cost upwards of 190,000 francs, so that altogether the monolith has stood the country in an expense of more than 1,700,000 francs.

*Wholesale Destruction of Reptiles.*—A husbandman, at Holwell, discovered two adders basking in the sun. He called to a companion, who instantly disabled them by an application of the stick. Immediately a slow-worm made its appearance, which met a similar fate. On putting them on a stick to convey them home, four young adders escaped from the mouth of one of them which were destroyed. The vipers were then ripped up, and, from the first, six more adders were destroyed; from the second 10, and from the interior of the slow-worm eight were taken, making in the whole 28 young and three old ones. The old adders measured two feet eight inches in length; and another, supposed to be the male, has been often seen in the same locality. A valuable cow, which had been grazing in the same field, some time since lost its life from the bite of one of these reptiles.—*Sherbourne Journal*, Sept. 28.

*A Blind Whist Player.*—A blind gentleman, with whom I am very intimate, has frequently played a rubber at whist in my

house, with more quickness and accuracy than either of his competitors. His cards, which he carries with him, are so very minutely marked by the point of a needle, that though I have often sat by him, I have never observed the marks; yet with the utmost quickness he sorts and plays his cards, the other parties of course announcing what card they have put down.—Correspondent of the *Medical Gazette*.

When Sir John Mason, who was born in the reign of Henry VII., and who had been privy counsellor to Henry VIII., Edward VI., Mary, and Elizabeth, was on his death-bed, he called his family together, and addressed them in the following terms:—"After having lived to see five princes, and been a counsellor to four; after seeing most remarkable things in foreign parts, and being present at most state transactions for thirty years, I have learned by so many years' experience that, seriousness is the greatest wisdom, temperance the best physician, and a good conscience the best estate; and, where I to live again, I would exchange the court for the cloister; the anxiety of a privy counsellor for the retirement of a hermit; and the whole of the time I have passed in the palace, for one hour's enjoyment of God in my closet. All things forsake us but our God, our duty, and our prayers. W. G. C.

The following description of England, in the seventeenth century, is given by Count Oxenstiern, the lawgiver of Sweden:—"England is undeniably the Queen of Islands, the empire and arsenal of Neptune; with this, she is the Peru of Europe, the kingdom of Bacchus, the school of Epicurus, the Academy of Venus, the land of Mars, the residence of Minerva, the stay of Holland, the scourge of France, the purgatory of opportionists, and the paradise of freemen. The women are fair, but their beauty is arid; her sons are brave, but their bravery oftentimes degenerates into savageness; wit and wisdom prevail to an extent which is probably unknown in other countries, but insupportable pride abstracts from their merit; it may be well said that fortune has here distributed her largesses in profusion, but these insular beings know not the proper use of them where the stranger is in question; their language is an admixture of almost every tongue in Europe, but they combine with it the following drawback, namely, they set it above every other. In short, the English are a people who want for nothing that can conduce to happiness, except wisdom in the art of enjoying it. W. G. C.

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